

Strange, but True

The child that cannot digest milk can digest Cod-liver Oil as it is prepared in Scott's Emulsion. Careful scientific tests have proven it to be more easily digested than milk, butter, or any other fat. That is the reason why puny, sickly children, and thin, emaciated and anemic persons grow fleshy so rapidly on Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites when their ordinary food does not nourish them.

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GRANDPA'S PET.

A bundle of sweetness, rolled up in blue—
A round, curly head that was golden;
Two wee chubby hands that came peeping through;
And never one thing could be hidden.
Such a tiny creature as never met,
And the whole went by the name of grandpa's pet.

He's up in the morning when daylight breaks,
And everyone knows all about it.
The day begins just when he awakes,
And none are so hardy as doubt it.
An autocrat he, whose wish must be met,
All must bow to the reign of grandpa's pet.

Does he want a crown? He'll have grandpa's hat—
The coat serves him to fish in;
When he chooses to ride, he'll ride the cat,
And pussy must bend in submission.
He cannot do wrong—he never did yet—
Why, the whole world was made just for grandpa's pet.

When he makes a crow's nest of grandpa's hat,
Then the old man is ready to kiss him.
He draws his snuffbox about for a gig,
And the worst word that's said is: "God bless him."
All clocks in the house to his time are set—
Well, there's nobody there but grandpa's pet.

What a pity we cannot be always young,
And rule like a king in his glory;
What pity that time, with his iron tongue,
Must change the sweet tune of life's story.
Alas! that we lose in hurry and fret,
The dream of the time we were grandpa's pet.

—Mrs. Harry Hazel Don, in Good House-keeping.

AUNT DURYEA'S CHOICE.

How She Discovered Rose Marsden's One Talent.

"May I borrow one of your girls for a year?" Aunt Duryea wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Marsden, just before she started to pay her a long-promised visit. "My physician has ordered me to go abroad, and I should like to have one of the girls accompany me. A legacy left by a distant relative makes it possible for me to travel in first-class style, and also to give her every advantage. I should like, if you don't mind, to make my own choice. Please don't inform the girls of my intentions nor my increased income, and I think I shall be able to judge in a week's time which one I shall enjoy most as a companion."

And Aunt Duryea had arrived, and was quietly spending a few days at Mrs. Marsden's. She was a "dear, good woman," her three pretty nieces remarked to one another, and while they exerted themselves to entertain her, they little dreamed that she was intently studying their dispositions.

"Of course she'll take Dell," the fond mother thought one evening, as this daughter favored them with both vocal and instrumental solos. "A girl who can sing and play is always in demand; and Aunt Duryea seems so pleased with her."

Just then Dell turned from the instrument and said:

"How is it, ma, that Mrs. King hasn't sent home our new piano cover? This looks so shabby. I wish she would hurry!"

"Perhaps she was too busy getting the lambrequin finished," remarked Rose, looking admiringly at the new mantle-cover.

"Oh! that's so; I hadn't noticed that the lambrequin had come," exclaimed Dell.

"Nor had I," added Beulah; "I was so disappointed about the piano cover that I failed to see the other."

"I think it is very pretty," said Rose. "So do I," replied Dell; "but I do hope that we won't have any callers until we get this thing out of the way."

"We needed the lambrequin most, you know," Rose went on, "and I suppose that is why Mrs. King sent it first. The old one was soiled, and the piano cover is only a little faded. As for the other things, we are not in any hurry at all for them."

"No," assented Beulah, "and yet when you order work done you want it as soon as possible."

"Is Dell your only musician?" Aunt Duryea asked of Mrs. Marsden the next day when the girls were away at school. "Do neither Rose nor Beulah care for music?"

"They each play and sing a little, but they haven't Dell's talent. She is the musician of the family."

"I suppose they have some other talent, then."

"Well, yes—that is, Beulah has; she is considered a fine elocutionist. She reads beautifully, and is very fond of it."

"I like to hear a girl read well," replied Aunt Duryea. "I suppose I may have the pleasure of listening to her? How about Rose?"

"She has't any special talent. She is a good girl, and generally succeeds in what she undertakes; but she doesn't excel in any one thing. I am sorry for it, too, for she is at a disadvantage beside her sisters."

Aunt Duryea looked thoughtful for a moment and then inquired:

"How old is Rose?"

"Just seventeen."

"She is young yet. Perhaps she will find her specialty by and by."

"But Dell is only seventeen, too. They are twins, you know."

"Yes, I remember now; and Beulah is fifteen, I believe."

"Yes; she enters the high school this June, and the other two graduate from there at the same time."

"Another reason why Dell should go abroad," thought Mrs. Marsden; but she did not speak the thought aloud.

"My dear, will you read for me?" Aunt Duryea said to Beulah that afternoon. "Your mother tells me you are a fine reader."

The girl's face flushed with pleasure at hearing these words of praise, and she answered readily:

"Why, I shall be glad to, auntie. Have you any preference?"

"A magazine article will do."

Beulah went to the table, and, picking up a magazine, looked at the cover.

"Oh! this isn't the latest," she said, throwing it down again. "Ma, has not the March number come yet?"

"I think not," was Mrs. Marsden's reply.

"Shaw! It's always delayed, it seems to me."

"Yes, just when you are particularly interested in some article," supplemented Dell.

"But that book of travels has arrived," said Rose, "and just see the fine illustrations in it."

"They are beautiful, that's a fact," remarked Beulah, looking at the book her sister had opened; "I hadn't noticed that it had come. Would you like me to read something from this, auntie?"

"Yes, I have heard that the descriptions of places in it are very fine. I am all attention, dear."

"So am I," said Dell. "I have been longing to read that book, but, like Beulah, didn't know it was here. Somehow it takes Rose to notice things."

"Yes, pleasant things," quietly remarked Aunt Duryea, with an expression that the two girls failed to understand. Rose had gone from the room a moment before.

The dinner-bell rang while Beulah was reading, and her two listeners expressed their regret that she should be interrupted even for so delightful an occupation as eating.

"How delicious these oysters are!" Rose remarked during the meal. "I think no one can fry oysters like our Annie."

"She needs to do something extra well to make up for these potatoes, they are so salty," complained Beulah.

"They are not too salty for me," said Dell. "I like plenty of salt; but I was thinking that the bread isn't very good to-day."

"Well, I am like Rose," put in Mr. Marsden; "I am enjoying the oysters too much to notice a defect in anything else; or perhaps I am particularly hungry this evening."

Just then Dell caught the same expression on Aunt Duryea's face that she had seen in the afternoon when they were talking of Rose. "I'd like to know what it means," she thought; "somehow I feel that she doesn't exactly approve of Beulah and me."

The next time Aunt Duryea was alone with Mrs. Marsden she said:

"Well, sister, I have made my choice."

"You have? And it is—?"

"Rose."

Mrs. Marsden looked amazed.

"Rose?" she repeated, as if she could scarcely believe that she had heard aright.

"Yes, it is Rose; and I have discovered that she has a talent."

"Do you really mean it?"

"I do, indeed. If I were anxious to engage a fine musician I should certainly select Dell. If I wanted a companion who was to spend considerable time reading to me, I should choose Beulah. If I needed help in entertaining an evening company, I should probably want them both. But for a traveling companion, one who is to go about with me from place to place, who is to associate intimately with me for so long a time, I certainly want the dear girl who has a talent for looking on the bright side, and seeing the pleasant things of life. She seems to fully appreciate the good that she gets, while the other two lose sight of their blessings in finding out the things that are wrong. Of course, notwithstanding this fault, I have enjoyed the society of Dell and Beulah, and I appreciate the exertions they have made in my behalf; but for a comfortable companion, give me cheery little Rose."

"I see that you are right," thoughtfully replied Mrs. Marsden, "and I wonder that I hadn't looked at the matter in that light before. But we shall miss Rose's talent when she is gone, for she has certainly been a comfort to us all."

There was no one in the family more astonished than was Rose herself when Aunt Duryea invited her to go abroad for a year.

"It is so kind of you, auntie," she said, "and I certainly shall enjoy it very much; but it seems strange that you should select me. I can't do much of anything, you know."

"Yes, you can; you can enjoy the good things, and forget to complain of the bad."

A new light came into Dell's face at that moment. She understood it all now, and knew that Aunt Duryea was right.

"That is Rose, exactly," she cried, good-naturedly.

"Yes; and while she's gone," added Beulah, who also was taking in the lesson, "we'll have to make an effort to emulate her example, or the house won't be endurable."—S. Jennie Smith, in Demorest's Magazine.

A Phonographic Ghost.

If you sleep in the house of a wizard, you must be prepared for experiences out of the common. So thinks a gentleman who once passed a night under Mr. Edison's roof. In the middle of the night he was awakened by the sound of a voice at his elbow. "Midnight has struck!" it said, in hollow but resonant tones. "Prepare to meet thy God!"

The guest was out of bed in haste. He must be the victim of some hallucination. There was no one in the room. His was a fine case for the "psychical research" people. But even while these thoughts were passing through his head, he was making for the door. In the hall he met Mr. Edison, who reassured him by saying: "Don't be scared, old man; it's nothing but a clock."—Youth's Companion.

When Whisky Froze in Fargo.

Talking about cold weather, said a traveler recently, reminds me of the winter of 1873. Dakota was just opening up, and the town of Fargo was lively, although possessing but a few hundred inhabitants. It grew so cold there one night that the mercury froze in the thermometers, and no one will ever know how cold it was. Among other damage done was the freezing of the whisky in the saloons. It was impossible to secure enough heat to thaw it out, and the only course left was for the saloonkeepers to put in seals and sell it by the pound, customers putting casks of it in their overcoat pockets and biting it off. For several days it was common for friends to offer each other a chew of whisky.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE TEXAS CATFISH.

One of the Greatest Fighters of the Inland Waters.

A Fish That Is Always Ready for a Bite and One That Puts the Most Seasoned Sportsman on His Mettle.

"Oh, go 'way, go 'way," sighed an old Texan ranchman on a sound steamboat the other night, waving a knot of enthusiastic anglers away with both hands. "Don't talk to me about skittering for muskellunge, trolling for black bass, and casting for trout and salmon. I and every other Texan that knows a good thing when he sees it can tell you of a fish that can out-jump and out-measure and out-light any swimming creature you can trot out."

He was one of the cluster of men gathered in a dark corner just abaft the wheelhouse on the upper deck, and the after-dinner chat had wandered around to fun with rod and line. A young fellow had just been recalling some famous days on the Ranges in Maine in times before summer hotels and railways and guides had destroyed the wilderness. The enthusiasm with which he dwelt upon the capture of a seven-pounder, its cat-like rush and leap for the fly, the strike and the fierce fight for freedom, and the gaffing by the Indian at the end had stirred the old-time sporting blood of the grizzled cattle king.

"What fish is that?" asked a New York Sun man, who is a salmon crank, with a skeptical knock of his pipe against the camp stool.

"The channel catfish is the animal I'm speaking about," began the old man, settling down comfortably and tilting his chair back against the wheelhouse, "and in order that there shall be no misunderstanding I want to say right at the beginning that this Texas chap is no relation of your darning slow, stupid, muddy-eyed old pond catfish here in the north. Schoolboys cannot sit on the bank with thread lines tied to twig poles and fish for our cat with bent pins. If they did they would come home wiser and wetter if the tackle held out, for a Texan cat could yank a good-sized boy into the branch and half-drown him without trouble. All the streams and creeks that lie to the southwest of the Red river in our state contain this game fighter, and those who have caught both fish regard it as far superior in courage, quickness and strength to the black bass. Certainly its flesh is far more toothsome."

"We hear very little and read less about this species, and many do not know any of the striking differences between this and the common blue catfish. The channel cat has fins nearly white, sides a pale blue and a tail very gracefully forked. In shape it is more slender and delicate than the ordinary fish and it is dotted with black all along the body in several lines. It utters a loud and startling croak when taken from the water as if in hearty protest against its capture. The flesh is firm, flaky and of a beautiful salmon tint. It never weighs over six pounds. One of the prettiest ways to charm a channel cat is on a silver spinner. You drift down creek with the current late in the afternoon and cast from side to side with about fifty feet of line. Wherever the water twists over a rock or wrinkles around a sunken stump you send your whirling toy, and reel- ing slowly in you will entice any channel fish that may be near. One uses a long, slender rod and a light silk line, for the tackle must be delicate and strong. Once a cat is struck he becomes a veritable maniac. He surges along the top, and then in circles of bubbles dives to the very bed of the stream. Along the bottom he will tear at a breakneck pace that makes the reel seem to follow, and if there be any snags (and what Texan branch but has its brush and roots and fallen trees) then let your prayer for help ascend. If the channel cat is a dangerous fish in clear, swift water, among rocks and tree stumps he is a very devil. A big one will fight for fifteen or twenty minutes before you can kill him. No one ever knew the channel cat to desert a fisherman. You don't have to carry fifteen kinds of bait with you and then always find he wants the sixteenth. He takes what he can get and swallows it deep into a mouth as widespread and affectionate as that of an earnest revivalist. In rain or sunshine, from April to November, week days, Sundays and legal holidays, the cat is always doing business at the same old stand. He is an honest, plucky fish, and never goes back on his feed, and that is why we old chaps of the cattle lands stand by the channel cat."

UPWARD LIGHTNING.

Cases Where Bolts Have Taken That Queer Course.

It is hard for the mind to conceive of a lightning flash taking other than a downward course when it strikes objects on the earth's surface, but there are many well-authenticated cases of the bolt taking the opposite direction. A case in mind happened at Manchester, England, in August, 1888, when the bolt was distinctly seen to strike the base of a large cast-iron chimney, and then to take an upward slant, burning a crooked river in the metal from the point of contact to the top, where it escaped into the atmosphere and exploded in the manner of an immense fire ball.

At Monticello, Ia., on June 21, 1893, a tree near the residence of G. H. George was struck by a lightning flash and torn in a manner which clearly indicated that the current had passed upward from the earth.

The director of the Iowa weather service corps says that while upward lightning strokes are reckoned as freaks and phenomena by the laymen, they are not of infrequent occurrence, and have often been reported by meteorological observers.

In one or two of the Samoan islands and at several places on the Indian ocean coast of Africa the upward stroke is said to be the rule and the downward the exception.

GAMBLING IN ENGLAND.

Young Fools Who Are Fleeced in Country Houses.

While there is a determined crusade against gambling in England, and hundreds of workmen and tradesmen are arrested every week for betting, no check has been put upon the heavy play going on in the country houses of the nobility. The law is virtually powerless to interfere with this class of sport, says a London letter, and the players do not belong to a type that can be influenced by moral suasion, but if current stories are true measures of some sort should be adopted to suppress or diminish the evil. Although the victims are not disposed to "squel," for various reasons, it is whispered that some very shady tricks are resorted to to relieve poor fools of their superfluous cash. Many young members of hunting and shooting parties are despoiled by aristocratic sharpers, and instances of subsequent hardships are told at the clubs, with comments that do not spare the country hostesses.

The women, indeed, are more eager for baccarat and other high-toned games than the men, and they have less pity for the young fools that are inveigled into dropping their pocket money and giving 10 U's when ready cash is exhausted. Two young officers of a smart regiment are said to have been ruined by play recently. They have sent in their papers to the war office, and start for the colonies soon to try and retrieve their fortunes. So long as men like the prince of Wales patronize the gaming tables of country houses it is difficult to keep the gambling habit within bounds. It is said the prince has reformed in other respects, and that he is in a very moral mood. If the opponents of gambling, in high as well as low places, could secure his cooperation a great many young men and not a few old fools would be infinitely better off financially at the end of the season, and there would be fewer hints of scandal at the clubs.

VACCINE POINTS.

Their Scarcity Felt in Washington, Where People Cry for Them.

During the recent smallpox scare one apothecary in Washington sold eighteen thousand "vaccine points" within twenty-four hours. On a Friday, when the general fright was greatest, the supply gave out. Physicians telegraphed in every direction for points. In the drug store referred to a big crowd was waiting. A small quantity arrived and the people scrambled for them. The scene was a most extraordinary one. Holding their money in their hands over their heads men, women and children struggled like anxious betters at a racetrack. One would have supposed, says the Washington Star, that their lives depended on procuring the points, of which there were not nearly enough to go around.

"Here's my money," yelled one man. "You promised me four points yesterday," cried a woman.

"I'll pay you one dollar apiece for six points," shouted another man, evidently the anxious father of a family. In one day of the scare the apothecary said he had made more money than he had ever made in two days out of his business. Somebody came to him and offered to buy out his entire stock of points at the figures he charged for them retail. The druggist refused, because there was reason to believe that an attempt was being made to corner the supply.

A well-known physician in Washington ascertained that a patient of his had possession of an extra vaccine point. He went and begged it of him. One little boy called at the Emergency hospital and asked, with tears in his eyes, to be vaccinated.

"You go out and get one of those things," said the surgeon in charge, "and I'll vaccinate you."

The boy went to the apothecary and begged a vaccine point. Then he returned to the hospital and was operated upon.

FADS IN EUROPE.

Principal Games Which Are Amusing the People of the Old World.

An Italian editor has been investigating the principal games in fashion in Europe during the dull weather. He finds the present craze in England is clay modeling, the selected victims—and generally misunderstood—being Mr. Gladstone and "Sir Harecourt." In Belgium, especially in the "Roekersclubs," slow smoking races are the fashion. These lend themselves favorably to bets. Big Flemish pipes are loaded with half an ounce of tobacco, and he is winner who can smoke his own through in the longest time without relighting. Present record, sixty-seven minutes to one pipe.

Leaping beans are the amusement of Italy and southern France. The inventor has had whole fields of them sown in Mexico and the larvae carefully preserved. The bean leaps best on hot plates, but the southerners paint them as kings and queens and use a little gunpowder. Then the figures go into convulsions and the game is called "L'anarchie."

Germany, of course, is occupied with the war game, and France has selected "divinettes," or guesses at the future.

A Discriminating Owl.

A Ledyard farmer, eleven miles south of Norwich, Conn., bagged a hoot-owl with a steel trap at his hen-house one night recently, the biggest, greediest, most ferocious one probably ever taken in the county. The bird had visited his farmyard half a dozen times after nightfall, and on each visit picked up one of the farmer's fat hens or plump chickens and went away to his home in a hollow tree with his prey. Finally he tackled a twelve-pound turkey poult. The turkey struggled with his foe, however, and a fierce battle ensued, in which the turkey was speedily slain, but the owl was unable to get away with his game, and after partly plucking it by the "dry process," popular in the farming state, left the poultry a meal—sheer waste and a peck of feathers—in the farmer's yard.



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WANTED—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN to handle the best seller on the market to-day. Experience not necessary. You can easily make \$15 to \$20 weekly. Address "Magic Cleaner," see Roanoke Daily Times. 3241c.

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AGENTS WANTED—A MAN IN every section at once to sell staple goods to dealers; no peddling; experience unnecessary; best side line; \$75 a month. Salary and expenses or large commission made. CLIFTON SOAP AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio. 10 15 17 W & S

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THREE NICE LARGE ROOMS WITH WATER for light housekeeping for rent. Apply at 60 Campbell avenue southwest. 3241c.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE—TO WHOM IT MAY concern. Take notice: The partnership heretofore existing between V. P. Moir and J. C. Moir, under the style and firm name of Moir & Moir, is this day by mutual consent dissolved. V. P. Moir, by his attorney, J. C. Moir, has sold to J. C. Moir, in and to the stock and fixtures now on file at their storehouse. This 26th March, 1895. J. C. MOIR. J. C. MOIR.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

TO SHAREHOLDERS ROANOKE BUILD- ing Association and Investment Company.—The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Roanoke Building Association and Investment Company will be held on Monday evening, April 15, 1895, at 8 o'clock at the office of Messrs. Penn & Cooke, sixth floor of the Terry building, corner Campbell and Jefferson streets, Roanoke, Virginia, when an election will be held for president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and three auditors for the ensuing year and three directors for three years and such other business transacted as may properly come before the meeting. D. H. MATSON, president. 3241c.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF the stockholders of the Roanoke Electric Light and Power Company will be held in the company's office in Terry building, Roanoke, Va., Saturday, April 13, 1895, at 12 o'clock noon. 3241c.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF the stockholders of the Midway Land Com- pany will be held in the office of the company, No. 5 Campbell avenue, Wednesday, March 27th, 1895, at 2 o'clock p. m. J. M. JONES, Secretary. 3241c.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE for Roanoke city Office No. 110 1/2 Moonbow building, on Jefferson St. between Salem and Campbell avenues. Also represent the Maryland Life Insurance Co. of Baltimore, Md.

TRADE MARKS.

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